

PRESIDENT LEADS WOMEN MARCHERS ON FIFTH AVENUE

70,000 in Parade for Red
Cross as Campaign for
\$100,000,000 Opens

ENTHUSIASM SOARS HIGH

Climax of Day Reached in Mr.
Wilson's Fight to Finish
Speech

By J. W. MULLER,
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS
AND STRIPES

NEW YORK, May 23.—Every New Yorker under 100 years old fell dead in love last Saturday when the Red Cross parade made Fifth Avenue one vast rose and lily garden of marching women. The 70,000 marchers, mostly women and mostly in red and white uniforms, thrilled the city with an ardor rarely experienced in the history of all its great parades and spectacles.

From end to end of the avenue the vast crowd was shaken like the sea with wild, beautiful emotion. There was not a single blench on the perfect fervor of the day.

The enthusiasm reached its pinnacle when the President alighted from his automobile and took his place at the head of the line, leading the parade on foot from Sixty-seventh Street to the reviewing box at Twenty-third Street. It was utterly unexpected by the crowd; no previous intimation had been received; there was no secret service guard or other pompous—and when the spectators realized what this meant, the city went almost hysterical with joy as the nation's elected head trod, simple and confident, through the vast mass of the multitude, safe in his complete and justified reliance on the people.

Tempest of Wild Cheers

As he passed, with Secretary Tamm and Rear Admiral Grayson a little in the rear, a tempest of wild cheers shook the air from the sidewalks to the skyscrapers' roofs, and the waving flags, streamers, handkerchiefs and hats filled the air like candy breakers rolling over the line of march.

A human red cross, made up of 150 women, came close behind the thousands of the country's most notable citizens followed. It was a magnificent beginning for the week's drive for \$100,000,000 for the Red Cross.

At the same time 20,000 marchers in Brooklyn were reviewed by Colonel Roosevelt.

There are hundreds of novel features for the week's drive. Factory whistles and church bells will announce each million mark. Twenty thousand women have enrolled for a house-to-house canvass—the largest number ever assembled for such a campaign.

"Every Available Ship"

The climax of the first day of the drive came with the President's speech in the Metropolitan Opera House. In it Mr. Wilson reiterated his determination to see the war through, and scored Germany for her insincere peace proposals. "The United States will not be tricked from its duty by peace suggestions that lack sincerity," he said. "I have examined them and recognized their falsity. Each concession made by the enemy in the West contains a reserve in so far as concerns his successes in the East. But I shall support the peace proposals if Germany believes we shall sacrifice anything, she is mistaken."

"The other day someone stated that we ought to have an army of 5,000,000 men. Why limit ourselves to 5,000,000 men? I intend that every available ship shall leave for Europe with American troops."

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION
Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Re-
moved from Their Admirers

HEART TO HEART TALKS No. 1.

Dear, loyal loring lads: For some item past I have been hearing your plaintive queries to the best of my meager—oh, so insufficient—ability, and my heart simply yearns to be of some service—real service—to you. I hope—how I hope!—that you will continue to write me, and pour out all your troubles to me; and I will endeavor to answer them.

This past week so much has been happening, and so many letters have come in that I simply cannot answer them all in the pitifully small space allowed to me; but I will try to answer them all by mail—thus making sure that you will hear from me before the end of the year!

Dear, brave, loving, romantic boys! what a wealth of love—real, warm, tender, true-hearted love—you have for those dear ones of your at home! How affectionately you refer to them as "my Jane," "my Sam," "my little what's-her-name," "my dear," "my love," "my sweetheart," and the rest!

And how impatient you are in your affection for them all! It is really very generous of you to write to so many girls at the same time, to keep so many of them informed of your goings-on. I know that they all appreciate it—in the trusting, faithful way of all woman-kind. I know they do!

Write to as many of them as you can find time to, dear boys, and spring the same line of "bull" (isn't that a perfectly lovely word?) on each one. They are yearning to hear from you, and they are not a bit jealous if they know that they are not the only ones to whom you are paying attention.

Women are never jealous, you know; they like to have you making love by letter to as many of their sex as possible. In that way you will get lots of valuable practice in the gentlest art—that of writing love letters. Then, when you finally settle down—and don't be in a hurry—to write to one only, you will write very lovely letters indeed. So whoop it up in the writing line, dear fellows! Kid 'em all along!

GIVES UP ALL TO FIGHT

BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.

NEW YORK, May 23.—Linn F. Hanson of Nebraska has sold his 200-acre farm at Wayne, in that State, devoted the proceeds to the Red Cross, his church and the Liberty Loan, and joined the Army.

President Wilson paused a few minutes in the press of war business to send the Nebraska a personal message.

THE NEW OVERSEAS CAP



Front and rear view of new A.E.F. headgear, described on front page. It looks best when tilted the least bit on one side of the wearer's head.

TWO BLACK YANKS SMEAR 24 HUNS; SHERBID SECRET OUT LIBRARY

Continued from Page 1.

what it is to go over the top, to drop into the German trenches under barrage and emerge with prisoners, to scour No Man's Land every night even up to the Boche wire.

There is nothing about No Man's Land they don't know, and it is their favorite joke and their great pride that unlike the white parols, they do not have to make-up their tell-tale faces with lamp black before venturing on these excursions.

What They Did

The two to win the *Croix de Guerre* are Henry Johnson, of Albany, and Needham Roberts, son of the Rev. Norman J. Roberts. They were two of five on duty in a small advanced post. The other three were asleep in a dugout when the first grenade attack by the raiding Germans was made. Johnson and Roberts were both wounded and knocked down by the explosions. Roberts so seriously that he did not rise again, but both men crawled toward their own grenade supply and started throwing.

Johnson struggled to his feet. "Turn out de gyaad, turn out de gyaad!" he yelled, and this was the battle cry which the relieving patrol found him chanting when the fight was over.

With his rifle, he shot down the first German and clubbed into a trance the next, who leaped across the falling body. Out of the corner of his angry eye, he could see a burly Boche choking the helpless Roberts while two others were trying to beat him off a prisoner. Johnson's gun was jammed and broken, his grenades were all spent and he had only his bolo knife, a long and tapering weapon, as sinister as a razor. With this he opened the burly German's skull and cut a hole in his side.

The Last Grenade

Then he himself was shot. Down he went in the darkness and confusion. He groped with his un wounded arm. His hand touched and closed upon a stray grenade. He threw it. It was his last shot, but it went home, and when the other three members of the post, who had been knocked down by the first explosion, crawled out of the dugout, the Boches were gone.

The last shot was devastating far at least one German, as the evidence on the ground the next day showed.

Johnson, recovering in the hospital, heard the details with a broad grin. "My lan!" he said, "I reckon dey had to tote dat Bush German home to his family all wrapped up in a news-paper."

Bad Omen for "Bush Germans"

Meanwhile the story of the encounter between two American blacks and 24 Germans has entered into the legends of the outfit, and the part they like to tell best is the part about the bolo knife.

To their mind, it is the weapon of weapons, and had you passed that way the other day, you might have seen one of Johnson's company sitting with his legs crooked around a bit of granite that had once been a tombstone. On its surface he was sharpening his bolo, and save when he stooped to test its edge with his tongue, he crooned to himself a negro chant with so much of Africa in it that you could have understood only the off-recurrent refrain:

"Bush Germans, Bush Germans, wese gwinea-git you yet!"

"Bush Germans" is the negro name for the Hun. Nearly all Yanks prefer Bushes to Boches as a term of reproach, but with the negroes it is "Bush Germans." This phrase you will hear in all their songs, of which the word jazz disorients bewildered and then fascinated the French in that part of the world. It is always S.R.O. at their concerts.

Made Good With the People

They stand well with the authorities of the French towns because, under orders, they have done an immense amount of cleaning, opening up old sewers, taking dirt and contributing munitions generally to the long accumulated work of the neighborhood. But they have made good with the people of the towns by the little odds and ends of helpfulness they give in their off-hours.

The women, who were panicky at the news that *les noirs* Americans were coming into that area, will miss them when they go. You often see a great grinning American black ambling up an old French street with some French woman's heavy load transferred to his own head. You see them turn in and help with the gardening in the long twilights. They even lend a hand in the housework.

Their commander, an American officer who has two French units under his command as well, is proud of the record his "chillun" have made in the trenches, which they entered with less preparation on French soil than any other American troops. They spent a month there before their first casualty, and they have yet to lose their first prisoner.

They are of all sorts and sizes and from all walks of life.

They boast the tallest doughboy in France in the person of a sergeant whose height is six feet seven and who is the despair of the G.M. because anything less than 14 double E shoe gives him the misery in his feet.

They boast all previous occupations.

TIME ON TRANSPORT COUNTS FOR CHEVRON

Six Months' Period Begins
on Leaving America—
Nurses Get It, Too

Six months after you left United States territorial waters for service overseas you became eligible to wear the war service chevron; that is, those of you who are among our happy little six-monthers or still happier yearlyings. To the rest of you, this: Six months from the date on which you left United States territorial waters (meaning the well-known three-mile limit) you will become eligible to sport the little-old gold stripe, and can then begin to bother your C.O. with the plaintive plea of "Aw, Cayn, lemme wear one too, like the other boys."

That's the new ruling on the war service chevron—that is, as regards the computation of the six months' service. Just look back in your diary to the date when you left "an Atlantic port." The chances are that you negotiated the distance between the wharf and the three mile limit on the same day; the rest is easy. Add six months on to that date, and there you are.

Nurses are going to have the chevron. There's been a change in the War Department orders, and the enlisted men, guerdons are going to go to the girls, after all. The change, as worded by no less a person than the Chief of Staff, U.S.A., "authorizes members of the Army Nurse Corps to wear the war service chevron under the same conditions heretofore prescribed for officers and enlisted men."

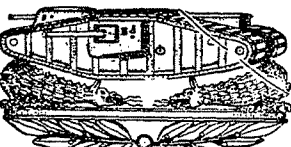
For the benefit of men or women who are looking ahead to the day when they may wear a second chevron, it is announced that the new one will be placed just a quarter of an inch further up the sleeve.

THIS IS IT

The Tank—(aw, shuddup, will ya?)—the Tank insignia has arrived. This is a picture of it.

It represents the tank in the act of crushing a pair of beasts. The beasts, so the tank corps boys claim, are—why, of course!—Germany and Austria. These beasts, representing the enemy, are armored to represent the thickness of their armor. Also it will see that they are both rereheads. Which is quite appropriate.

The protruding forked tongue displayed by each of the beasts not only is



No, It Isn't Upside Down

indicative of their character but also of the condition to which these lying members must be brought before final victory can be achieved. And the wreath! Simple enough. When the tank has crushed the beasts twain, the wreath is awarded for the good work. So there you are.

from Baptist clergymen, who do a little converting on the side at night, down to Corporal Smith of South Carolina, who was gravely recommended for the job of repairing the headquarters safe.

"He's a burglar, sah!" was the sergeant major's report on his qualifications.

As for the Johnson-Roberts scrap, just now the topic of the day in St. Meneloh, the French general in command of that sector made this report to his superior:

"The American report is too modest. As a result of oral information furnished me, it appears that the blacks were extremely brave. This little combat does honor to the American."

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FRENCH WILL JOIN IN MEMORIAL DAY

Dead of Both Nations to
Be Honored at Many
A.E.F. Posts

Y.M. PLANNING OBSERVANCE

Catholics Will Carry Out Special
Program Wherever Americans
Are Gathered

The French will join with the Americans in the observance of Memorial Day, long set aside in the American calendar for the decoration of those graves where our soldiers and sailors lie buried. At many a post in the A.E.F. there will be a solemn ceremony, reminiscent of the old-fashioned Decoration Day observance back home.

At G.H.Q. the graves nearby, not only of American dead but of French dead, too, will be strewn with flowers and marked with the crossed flags of America and France. This observance is the elaboration of a plan first proposed by a French girl who works as a stenographer at the headquarters of our Army in France.

Not only new-made graves, but those where our heroic dead have lain for more than a hundred years in the soil of France will be remembered on Memorial Day.

It is probable that few of the American soldiers now fighting and training here know that before the war there were about 100 graves of our soldiers and sailors in France. Men who fell in the battle between the Meuse and the Marne are buried at Cherbourg, and at Nantes are the graves of several of John Paul Jones' men. There are American graves at Villefranche, Versailles, St. Germain and Asnières.

Graves Always Remembered

Americans here have always remembered these scattered graves on Memorial Day, and those interested to keep up the work of the Memorial Day Committee of France should send contributions to Major F. A. Mahan, 51 Avenue Montaigne, Paris.

The Y.M.C.A. contribution to the observance of Memorial Day will include, besides a big field meet, a patriotic program of French and American artists on the stage of the beautiful theater Champs Elysees in the Avenue Montaigne, Paris. The performance will begin at 7:30 in the evening, and the only ticket of admission necessary is a uniform of one of the Allied Armies.

The Y.M.C.A. will have services in every hut and the workers of the Salvation Army will carry flowers to the graves near the shacks from which they fight the gas and mustard gas, and to the living who pass their way. The Catholics of the A.E.F. will observe Memorial Day by celebrations throughout France. The Paris services will be held at 10 o'clock in the morning at the Madeleine and the list of invitations to these services knows no end.

Distinguished French prelates will attend, among them the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, the Bishop of Amiens and the Cardinal Archbishop of Reims, who has become a figure of world fame because it was only at the very last, and then under orders he could not disobey, that he would leave the desolate scene of his bombarded cathedral. Monsiegnur Ghisly, Bishop of Verdun, will celebrate the pontifical mass and the sermon will be preached by Chaplain Duffy of New York.

AN HONOR EARNED

It was some time in May, and he was inspecting the box that had been mailed him (according to his Christmas letter) sometime in November.

"What's the box you waiting for?" said his hungry bunkie. "Open it up! What you rubbernecking all over the outside for?"

"Looking for the service stripe," said the box recipient.

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AND STRIPES to their adopted
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Thank you for your little letter,
Little lady; it has cheered
All the Yanks here congregated—
All our gloom has disappeared.
Though you don't know how to
write yet,
Mother did the trick for you;
As result, we're all delighted,
Faith, we're tickled through and
through!

Lucky kid! You cannot write yet—
How we wish we couldn't write!
"They" found out that we could do
it,
Keep us at it, morn, noon, night;
Writing verses, writing stories,
Writing editorials stern
Till we wish we were as you are.
Three years old—with time to
burn!

Do not hurry with your writing,
Reading, sums and all the rest;
Play your games, and see that dolly's
Quite correctly, Frenchly dressed.
There's no need to borrow trouble—
Climb the ladder, rung by rung.
Of your growing-up; and, mean-
while,
Have a good time while you're
young!

THE LATEST FROM HELL

The publishers of the late Mark Twain's works, who thought they had all his writings cornered, are suing to prevent the publication of a masterpiece which a spiritualistic medium swears up and down Mark's spirit dictated to her when she was in trance. It is reliably reported from Hell that the ghost of Attila, who, until 1914, was known as the most objectionable barbarian Europe had endured, tried sitting in at the councils of the German Imperial Staff only to find that he had nothing to teach them.

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